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Lovely Katey of Liskehan

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h A NEW SONG ON
LOVELY KATEY OF LISKEHAN

You gentle muses I pray excuse me,
Your kind infusion to me grant once more,
Til I praise a maiden sweet & engaging,
She is lovely Venis that I do adore,
Unless you will aid me my art will fail me,
A sketch most pleasing I must have drawn,
And still I'm eager from heart to praise her
Sweet lovely Keaty of Liskehan

One frosty marning while passing northways,
By Limrick suburbs I chanced to meet,
My darling phegix I mean young Keaty,
And she coming early up William street,
Her blue eyes beaming their dart prevailing,
Her conversation was mild & warm
My heart was breaking for to be leaving,
Sweet lovely Keaty of Liskehan,

In the eveing early when home returning,
Alone by a hay-rick I did her see,
As if quite cautious her aspect fearful
That lovely fair one would shrink from me,
I would rather than all the flocks of Lester,
Or all the cattle grazeing on O'Donnells lawns
That on the hay bench I could be seated,
With lovely Keaty of Liskehan

Altho young Keaty is a rich young lady,
And far superiour in wealth for me,
Yet while acquainted she is kind & faithful,
By long experience I this can see
In the frute season when the road seem weary,
And I going early back to Drishawn,
All my consolation was seeing young Keaty,
That lovely damsel of Kiskehan,

If you seen young Keat dress'd out so gaily,
For pleasure facing along the staeet,
She apeard the sweetest & most modest creature,
And was admire'd by all who did her meet,
Her golden fair locks in ringlets waveing,
Down on her waist her fine ringlets shone,
And i every feature the pride o, nature,
Was lovely Keaty of Liskehan,

If Garson famous had known young Keaty,
With her he'd sail to the Persian shore,
And beld uclopeos for to relase her,
The briney regions he would search or'e,
Juno & passis the land of trogan heroes,
Who brought Queen Hellen to King priam,
He would venture greater his bride to make her,
Sweet lovely Keaty of Liseehan,

Farewel deare Kerty I must now leave you,
The train from Limrick is passing by,
It chucks me freely & bids me stay,
With the lovely maideen of bunrathy,
But summer season & times are chahgoing
Once more I'll stray back for Liskehan,
And will make aplication to my sweet young Keaty
That lovely fair one of Likeahan,